

THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—Cowper.



CAPTAIN STAUNCY VISITED BY HIS COUSIN FROM CLOVELY.

CAPTAIN STAUNCY'S VOW.

CHAPTER XIII.

By order of the authorities, James Stauncy was removed from Exeter to London, and lodged in Newgate. According to the law reports of those times, it was necessary for him to be tried before the Lords of the Admiralty, and on the 25th of February, 1754, the case came on in Justice Hall, at the Old Bailey.

The court was crowded, as is usual on such occasions, by worthless idlers, by men and women whose curiosity and morbid interest in criminal cases bespoke a low

mental and moral standard, and by a large number of respectable persons interested in mercantile law, some of whom knew about Mr. Phillipson, and had heard the rumour that he was in fact the guilty man.

No pains or money had been spared by Mr. Phillipson to secure an efficient counsel; and when the prisoner was placed at the bar and the trial commenced, there was not a countenance in that motley company of barristers, jurymen, witnesses, and lookers-on that did not give evidence of intense excitement. The captain looked pale and careworn, but he answered when appealed to, with a firm voice, "Not guilty;" for though he had

CAPTAIN STAUNCY'S VOW.

determined to give his life rather than break his vow by betraying his tempter, he would not publicly confess to a crime, when in his conviction, mistaken as it was, he had only discharged a duty.

Jim Orton, on being sworn, related the facts of the case in a straightforward way, but, becoming sadly bewildered by a severe cross-questioning, the general opinion went in favour of the prisoner. The next witness, however, most effectually turned the scale. He was a short thick-set man, who described himself as a diver in the employ of the government. He stated that, having sailed in a diving-bell ship from Plymouth to Lundy, he was ordered, in company with another man now in court, to look for and examine the "Sarah Ann," and found her on a sandy bottom in seven fathoms water. He went on to say that they discovered a hole in the side of the ship, which had been purposely bored, no doubt; that they had met with an augur close by on the orlop deck, which fitted exactly; and that he was prepared to swear the brig had been scuttled. This worthy searcher of the seas and revealer of marine mysteries could neither be twisted nor shaken by the clever counsel for the defence, and when the augur was held up to view, there was a confused hum of many voices in Stauney's disfavour.

Mr. Mogford and the cook were next examined, but they could not directly oppose the evidence of the diver. They landed the captain as he deserved to be lauded, extolled his seamanship during the storm, and declared it was utterly impossible for him to be guilty of the charge. The latter was particularly eloquent in his defence, and, when drawn out purposely by counsel, unfolded all the secrets of his heart as to the criminality of the merchant. So clear and truth-like were his assertions, so fervid and telling was his declamation, that the tide set in strong again on Stanney's side, and the sympathies of the people were his from that time forward. So general was the conviction that he had been a deeply injured man, and was but a scapegoat for the merchant, that he was requested, at the special desire of the jury, to throw some light on Pickard's evidence; but he declined. The judge summed up, therefore, and the twelve arbiters of his fate retired to consider their verdict. A buzz of earnest voices increased to an unmistakeable clamour, and the cook, freed from the restraint of the witness-box, defamed the merchant in the strongest language he could command, vowing vengeance in terms which gained the sympathy of a multitude by no means unwilling to make a demonstration on the captain's behalf.

The jurymen returned; the usual form was observed, and the fatal word *guilty* was uttered by the foreman.

There were those then present who felt more than Stauney did, when the verdict was announced. A flush of emotion for a moment suffused his cheek, but it passed quickly away, and whilst others were weeping in sorrowful compassion, he stood calmly waiting the sentence of death.

"And *that's* the end of it!" said Mogford to the cook, as they left the court together. "Why, Sam, he's as bad as a suicide. He ought to have turned king's evidence against that old rogue in Appledore. Why didn't he let it all out?"

"Can't tell, Mr. Mogford," replied Pickard, "it's unfathomable; but the end of it hasn't come yet. If those Lords of the Admiralty don't take notice of what I said, I'll swear information against the merchant, and feel certain that diver will bring him to judgment. Bales of broadcloth, Mr. Mogford! nothing but list, I'll lay

my life; and if the cap'n held his tongue to screen that varnished hypocrite, I won't."

"What do you mean, Sam?"

"I mean that Phillipson intended to kill two birds with one stone—to get a heavy insurance on the brig, which he consigned to the deep, and a heavy insurance on the sham cargo. It isn't the first time, neither, that them bales have done service in that way."

"The dodger!" exclaimed the mate.

"The villainous scamp!" responded Sam, warmly. "His money and his station have guarded him so far, and no one has dared to whisper the truth without suffering for it; but let the wind set in another way, and you'll see that many of his prime supporters will turn out to be his prime foes. Opinions chop right round, often."

In consequence of his depositions, a second request was made to the government by the insurance company concerned, that the "Sarah Ann" might be again examined, and a couple of detectives were sent to Appledore to keep an eye on the merchant, who was in first-rate spirits when he heard the issue of the trial, and had no doubt any more of Stauney's fidelity.

His rejoicing, however, was short. That bright gleam of sunshine was followed by portentous signs of a coming tempest, in the persons of the two strangers, and the barometer of hope sank rapidly every hour. Those vigilant gentlemen appeared to take note of everything, and turned up everywhere. Without interfering with any one, they seemed to be minding everybody's business, and were specially attentive to the merchant's residence. No vessel left the port without being carefully scrutinized, nor could a "butt" pass through the place without being favoured with an examination. They seemed gifted with ubiquity, and were set down at last by the merchant's conscience as spies on himself. This conviction grew into absolute assurance, when a rumour reached him that the "Sarah Ann" was to be raised by order of the government, and he began to tremble for his safety. Neither money nor friends could help him, as he foresaw, so that he was left to the exercise of his wits, on the acuteness of which he prided himself, and which had never failed him yet.

As a means of securing timely information, he despatched his son to Lundy in a yacht, and engaged the services of smugglers up and down the coast, to give him a sign in case of threatening appearances. A week had not passed after these precautions had been taken, before the tub-shaped ship, which had aforetime excited the curiosity of the Appledore mariners when lying in the Pool, appeared off Lundy; but ere the waters were touched by the hive-shaped home of the divers, young Phillipson weighed anchor and stood in for Bideford Bar. The wind was unfavourable, and before he could pass the fair-way buoy, a six-oared gig sped swiftly by, and landed a gentleman whose acquaintance we have already made at West Appledore. Mr. Cocks immediately put himself in communication with the detectives, who proceeded at once to mount guard at Mr. Phillipson's house; so that he felt himself a prisoner. He was too knowing, however, to take any notice of the new movement; and though his ingenuity was greatly taxed, he did not betray his uneasiness.

CHAPTER XIV.

ALTHOUGH the 25th of February had been appointed as the day for the execution of James Stauney, for some reason not explained by the law annals of those times, it was deferred to the 7th of May. The interval passed slowly and drearily, relieved, however, by the kindly visits of the Ordinary, specially by a visit from his cousin,

and by a regular correspondence with his beloved wife—his last letter to her being still extant. At first he endeavoured to show that the course he had taken was the only one which could satisfy him or benefit her. He brought forward the argument of the merchant as his own, that an open confession would at least have been so far unavailable, for want of evidence, as to be no security against transportation for life, and added, that by making the merchant an enemy, he would have cut off all hope of support for herself and children. He besought her to forgive him and to remember him always, promising to give heed to her counsel, and to seek the mercy of God through the Saviour. That he did this, his letters, as the fatal day approached, bear testimony; and touchingly and lovingly did she answer him, just hinting at her sad disappointment, without any upbraiding, and assuring him, though broken-hearted, of her hope in the care and sufficiency of a merciful Creator and Redeemer.

Before the month of March was quite run out, the captain's worthy relative, who had entertained him at his home in Clovelly after the loss of the brig, partly on foot, partly by wagon, partly by coach, accomplished that difficult thing in those days, a journey to London; designing, as far as possible, to be a minister of instruction and comfort to the condemned man. He found the captain so altered in appearance as to be scarcely recognisable, especially in his prison dress. Instead of the robust and ruddy man of former days, he saw before him a sallow shrunken being, with hollow eyes and cheeks, and wretchedness traceable in every feature. In his inner man, however, but little change had at that time taken place, though he admitted with much humility and self-reproach, that the more he considered it, the more inexplicable and insane his conduct appeared.

"You did very wrong, Stauney," said the cousin, "in refusing to listen to your wife's advice. One duty cannot be performed by breaking another to perform it. If you thought it a duty to screen the merchant, you should have thought it a duty to screen yourself, and the love we owe to our neighbour must be regulated by the love we owe to ourselves. As Mary told you, it's a greater sin to keep a bad promise than to break it."

"It may be, William," replied the captain; "but don't trouble me with that now. Things right in themselves become wrong whenever they are done in opposition to our convictions, and my conscience bid me do as I have done. I haven't any compunction to feel on that score; and what must be, must."

"Don't say that, James; 'what must be must,' is as deplorably false in one sense, as it is righteously true in another, and with regard to conscience, your remark cuts two ways. A thing that is evil cannot be made good by any erroneous conceptions of ours respecting it. Our consciences frequently stimulate us to what is wrong, under the false notion that we are right. They are not safe guides without the light of life."

"No doubt you are right, cousin, but a man must take his conscience as it is, and be faithful to it. If I saw as you did, I should reason in the same way."

"I wish you had seen differently, James; but now the sentence cannot be reversed. If we form a wrong judgment of the quality of our actions, we form a wrong judgment of all associated with and resulting from them. But I will not say any more on that matter. I came up here not to argue with you on such points, but to show you God's argument when he says, 'As I live, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked; come now and let us reason together, though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.' And so he went on to

preach in a prison, as an apostle had done before him, the glorious gospel of the blessed God. Day after day he visited the cell, and read and conversed on that word which enlightens the eyes and converts the soul. Nor were his efforts unavailing. The truth as it is in Jesus came to the condemned seaman in demonstration of the Spirit. It dissipates darkness. It showed the way of life. It rectified false conceptions of right and wrong. It caused "old things to pass away, and all things to become new."

"What a mystery," he said to his cousin, at their last interview, "is the human heart! deceitful truly above all things. Worse than the man who makes deity out of a log of wood, I created within me a false sense of duty and worshipped it. I truly deserve to suffer; and now I turn away from the mystery of my own ignorance and depravity, to the mystery of godliness—God in Christ reconciling the world unto himself. What a comforting contrast to my case is the story of the cross! It was from no motive of affection that I, as guilty as Phillipson, stood in his place; but 'God commendeth his love toward us, in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us, the Just for the unjust, to bring us to God.' My only concern now is about Mary and the children; but with your word of promise I know I have your heart of affection, and you will look after them in my stead."

The last night set in, and passed but tardily in the apprehension of the prisoner, who counted the hours with strangely mingled emotions, as they were told out by iron tongues in all directions, until the morning dawned, penetrating the cell with its golden light. A clearer sky or a brighter sun the face of nature never saw. A lovely May morning poured forth a flood of brightness on the scaffold, as though it would surround it with some token of heaven's mercy, whilst it bore so melancholy a testimony to earth's justice.

A noisy crowd, composed principally of the lowest and worst of characters, assembled to witness the sad spectacle. It might have been a holiday, so light and mirthful was the throng, so hearty was their laugh, so ribald their conversation. Instead of the impressive awe and the deterring fear which such an occasion ought to have brought with it, the looks, the words, the acts of that jostling mass were expressive only of reckless hardihood and of wanton inhumanity.

As the captain ascended the scaffold he was greeted with a yell by the crowd, but it did not discompose him; and there, in the bright light of early day, suffusing the scene with genial glow, he forfeited the life he might have preserved. His last words were words of intercession for Mary, for the little ones, for himself, and ere the final syllable left those trembling lips, his spirit had fled from its earthly tabernacle. He was a mistaken man, who sacrificed himself on what he considered the altar of duty; but he was a renewed man, plucked by the hand of mercy as a brand from the burning.

On the outskirts of the crowd the kind-hearted cousin continued to linger, enduring much mental anguish as he gazed on the lifeless remains of his esteemed relative. He could scarcely realize the fact that he was attending an execution, and that James Stauney was no more, and continued to pace up and down, lost in thought, until the body was removed. "I've seen the last of him in this life, poor fellow," he said aloud; "and now farewell, till we meet in a better."

With a heavy heart he turned his face westward, and, knowing that coach or wagon would overtake him sometime, walked on until nightfall, and then took up his quarters in an inn by the road side. Heated and wearied with his journey, the damp bed assigned him as

his place of rest proved all the more fatal in its chilling effects, and ere he reached his home the checked tide of life had already begun to ebb. Feebler and feeble, shadowy and more shadowy, the poor man grew. The colour departed from his cheek, the lustre faded from his eye, and sooner than he had thought, when speaking of a reunion in another world, did a reunion take place; for when the autumn sun smiled blandly and benign on blooming gardens and golden fields, its mellow rays fell brightly on the sod which covered the reposing dust of William Hockridge.

OTAGO;

OR, A RUSH TO THE NEW GOLD-FIELDS OF NEW ZEALAND.

CHAPTER II.—DUNEDIN—GOOD NEWS—DISAPPOINTMENT—LOYALTY EXPRESSED BY NAMES—SCOTCH CLANNISHNESS AND PREJUDICE—GOOD QUALITIES OF THE SCOTCH—BAGPIPES—WATER LOTS—A LOAFER.

FROM the pilot that came on board at Otago Heads, and from the boatmen that came off to the ship, as we dropped anchor near Port Chalmers, we heard brilliant accounts of the gold-fields. There was, according to all accounts, plenty of gold for those who wished to dig, and labour for those who wished high wages at some other employment. We were told that twelve thousand ounces had just come down by the escort from the diggings, and that labourers were getting sixteen shillings per day of eight hours, and "two-and-six" an hour for overtime. This was exhilarating news for all; and it certainly must have been music to "Stacey's Mob," as the "stowaways" were called, and to many who had given the last shilling in the price of a passage ticket.

The effect of these cheering accounts on the crew was to cause them to "make up swags" preparatory for an escape. When the steamer came alongside to land the passengers, in the confusion that ensued when all were hurrying from the ship, the crew got over the side on to the steamer and dived below. The chief officer was standing by the gangway watching all who left, as was supposed for the purpose of preventing the escape of the men; but, to all appearance, he saw none of them leaving.

The steamer that took us from the ship also took us from Port Chalmers to Dunedin, a distance of about twelve miles farther up the bay. Otago was first settled by members of the Free Church of Scotland. Dunedin, its chief town or city, as it is there called, is a place that, for the number of houses, should contain about four thousand people. Dunedin, I understand, is a word in some tongue or dialect spoken by some of the Scotch, which, translated into English, means Edinburgh.

What a change came over the thoughts and faces of all when we landed at Dunedin, and saw several hundred diggers down from the mines anxious to return to Victoria, being unable to get either gold or employment! They told us that on the diggings many were suffering from famine; that employment could not be obtained; that miners might work hard for weeks without getting more than "the colour;" and that the "Anna Kimbal" had just sailed for Melbourne full of miners disgusted with Otago and its gold-fields. The crew that I had seen escape learnt that they had forfeited their wages, (some of them as much as fifteen pounds each,) and were in a port where, if they were lucky, they might get one pound for the run to Melbourne.

I cannot but entertain the suspicion that the officers of the ship knew the state of affairs in Otago before the passengers were landed. It is not reasonable to believe

that a hawk-eyed officer could not detect the escape of so many men. Some believe that two stories must have been told on the ship while we were in the bay—one for the captain and another for the crew.

The houses and streets of Dunedin were full of people. Over four thousand had landed within a week; and mingled with these were those just returned from the diggings, and each heart was full of bitterness and disappointment, declared in no measured terms.

It was told that, before the diggers came from Victoria to Otago, very little money was in circulation, and that the inhabitants of the province had a great love for copper, although a less sum than fourpence would not be received on deposit by the banks. I have some reason to think there is a little truth in this; for notwithstanding the revolution produced by the discovery of a gold-field, the small dealers would manage some way of giving or requiring copper in nearly everything they sold. The price of a three-pound loaf of bread was one shilling and twopence, and sugar was sevenpence "ha'penny" per pound. In the early years of Victorian gold-digging, the storekeepers were above this way of doing business. They would have asked either one shilling or eighteenpence for the bread, and sixpence, ninepence, or a shilling for the sugar, to avoid the handling of copper, which was then despised by all. The Scotch dealers in Otago may have taken the most honest way, but their system of trading won the contempt of the Victorian diggers.

One morning I was in a house having some breakfast, and before finishing the meal I asked for some more bread. "Gin ye ha' another piece, 'wool be saxpence mare," said the waiter; and he seemed in some doubt whether to give it to me or not, until I said, "All right." I then called for another cup of coffee, and was told, "Gin ye ha' another cup, 'wool be saxpence mare." When I stated that previous to sitting down I had not made a bargain for any particular amount of food, that nothing was said about the price of the breakfast, and that the house was not a restaurant with a bill-of-fare and prices annexed, the reader will understand something of the unrefined niggardly honesty of some of the worthy people of Dunedin.

The loyalty of most of the colonies may be gathered from the names affixed to inns and public houses. In the same city may be found the "Queen's Arms," the "Queen's Head," the "Victoria," the "Prince of Wales," the "Princess Royal;" and the epithet, "Royal," is often added to the name of the owner—"Brown's Royal Hotel," "Jones's Royal Hotel," etc.

Dunedin is certainly not an exception to most of the towns and cities in the Southern Colonies. In Dunedin I saw this sign over the door of a small house: "Simpson, Bootmaker to Her Majesty the Queen." Could the Queen see some of the boots sold or made by Mr. Simpson, would she not be flattered!

As there was not sufficient accommodation in the city for all who wanted it, the Government granted permission and ground for a "Canvas Town;" and, as many of the diggers brought tents with them from Victoria, "Canvas Town" soon became a place of importance, as far as a population of three thousand hungry diggers could make it so.

To relieve the distress of the destitute, the Government gave work at five shillings per day to some of those who applied for it. This sum was sufficient to keep them from starving, but not from misery. To live on five shillings per day in Dunedin at that time, a man would have to live in his own tent, gather fire-wood, which was not easily done, and cook his own food, but not

too much of it. Many who in the Bay would not have engaged themselves for ten shillings per day and their board and lodging, were soon after reduced by hunger to joyfully accept of a sum that would but keep them from starving. There is no people so accustomed to great and sudden revolutions of strong feeling as gold-diggers; but many years made of bright hopes and cruel disappointments cause them to endure these reverses with considerable coolness.

During the few days I was in Dunedin, I heard much ill feeling expressed by the English and Irish against the Scotch, who were accused of trying to keep all business in their own hands, and of looking upon all others as intruders.

Many of the stories in circulation were fabrications of too slight a material to wear long; but the following statements were being made during all the time I was in the province, the truth of which I saw and heard no cause to doubt:—Two Englishmen were refused licences for public-houses, for the only reason (as the English and Irish said) of their not being Scotchmen. It was further asserted that either of these men could get a licence by taking in a Scotchman as partner in his business. It was also said that an Englishman had been trying for two years to get a licence for a public-house in Port Chalmers and had not succeeded. An intelligent Scotchman, however, who had long resided in the place, told me that applications for licences were being made for more public-houses than what were considered necessary for the place, and that all applications were then refused. There was another story in circulation in the town, which I heard every day there, and afterwards heard repeated on the diggings. An Englishman wished to start in the business of a butcher, on the diggings, and none of the Scotch settlers would sell him anything to slaughter. It is difficult to believe all these stories to be true, but it is unreasonable to think they have originated without some cause.

I could not learn that the price of anything in Dunedin was very dear except cartage to the diggings, which was ninety-five pounds sterling per ton. One day I saw in the street a woman being nicely weighed, and learnt that she was to form part of the loading of a dray for the diggings, and that ninepence per pound freight was to be paid for her.

It was very difficult to obtain any information in Dunedin concerning even the most simple business transactions. The day after landing, I wished to learn the price of flour and some other things—such being a part of the intelligence a friend in Melbourne wished me to communicate. I searched the "Otago Witness," but could learn nothing from that. One man, a wholesale dealer, when asked the price of flour, said that he had disposed of all he had. Another wished to know how much I wished to buy, and said that he would sell it as cheap as any one.

So great was the excitement caused by the arrival of so many ships with freight and passengers, that it was not to be expected that a merchant could know the state of his own affairs. Confusion and caution are the words that can best express the state of commercial affairs at the time I was in Dunedin. I was told that the dealers only sent a small quantity of provisions to the diggings, and kept prices high by the supply being limited. It was said that some were afraid to send up any provisions for fear their goods would be "rushed" by the diggers, and taken without pay being given for them.

In any old or long-established community, we naturally expect to see the business men of the place possess some

refinement and education, sufficient at least to speak and conduct themselves something like gentlemen; but in a newly settled country the facilities for acquiring wealth are greater than for obtaining knowledge and elegance of deportment. This is the reason that in the United States, and in the Australian Colonies, so many of the vulgar rich try to pass themselves off for gentlemen. Many English writers who have visited America do not seem to understand this; but should they visit the Colonies, they would learn that the whole English people should not be ridiculed for the ignorance and vanity of a few, who, by sly grog-selling and other methods, have made haste to become rich.

From much that is written in this chapter, the opinion may be formed that I am prejudiced against the Scotch; but such is not the case. To form opinions without knowledge is prejudice; and I saw and heard enough while in Dunedin to convince me that the people in business prefer the certainty of making a penny to speculating for a pound, and that they had rather aid each other or a countryman than any one else. They may not be to blame for either of these propensities; and what was so often pointed out to me as faults may be, in the opinion of some, to their credit.

To stand in one of the streets and see what the people have accomplished in so brief a period, and then to gaze afar and see the rugged country they have had the courage to try and subdue, gives rise to a feeling of admiration for those who have undertaken the pursuit of happiness under so many difficulties.

The Scotch are not a numerous people, yet they are everywhere to be found, "making foot-prints in the sands of time." Wherever there is any hard work to be done, in the fields of literature, battle, or peaceful toil, the Scotch are to the fore. I am sorry to be obliged to add, that when a Scotchman is bad he is *very* bad, and for drunkenness he has attained an unenviable national distinction.

When wandering about the streets of Dunedin one Sunday, I saw the early settlers going to church. All of them were respectably, and the most of them well dressed. And while on the subject of dress, I will state that I did not see a dirty ragged child in Dunedin; and the most shabby adults met with there had just come from some of the Australian colonies.

When I came to realize that I was in the southern part of New Zealand, which but a few years before was the most wild and rugged part of the wild Maori's home, and then saw the Scotch settlers before me—the work they had done, and what they proposed doing, a strong feeling of respect arose in my mind for the people, although they did some of them ask three "ha'pence" too much or too little for sugar.

The Scotch are a strange people. It is generally supposed that conceit and prejudice arise from ignorance; yet the Scotch are not ignorant compared with others; though they will seriously tell you that Burns was the greatest poet that ever lived, and that the bagpipes produce sweeter music than any other instrument. If there is in reality good music in bagpipes, we should see the Italians, Germans, French, and English, possess and play them. It seems singular to me that people as shrewd as the Scotch are, do not see this, and form a suspicion that they possibly might be mistaken; but no: their own fancies seem to be all the evidence they require. I would willingly agree with them on most points, but to believe the distracting noise made by bagpipes is music—that is too much. They tell me, that to appreciate the music of the pipes I should be at a distance from them. That is a simple truth; for if there is any sound for which

"distance lends enchantment" to the ear, it is that of bagpipes: the greater the distance the less distracting is the noise, and when the distance is increased till the noise can no longer be heard, it is not annoying. I once tried to make an analysis of the sound of the pipes, and ascertain the elements of which it was composed. The following is the result of the investigation:

Big fly on a window	72 per cent.
Tail of the Rattlesnake	11½ "
Voice of blind pups	6 "
"Grant of the pigs in the morning"	5½ "
Cry of hungry Moesquitos	3 "
Song of the Cicada	2 "

There are several hundred acres of the Bay at Dunedin that could easily be reclaimed from the water. At the price land was selling for previous to the discovery of the gold-fields, it was computed that a portion of the Bay could be converted into city allotments, with a profit to the Government of many thousand pounds. Since the discovery of the gold-fields, land has greatly increased in value, and I have no doubt but what the war against the tide will soon be commenced. Any one who is given to "large profits and quick returns," and has a genius for speculating in "water lots," had better go to Otago, for he will certainly find at Dunedin a large field on which to display his talents.

The scenery about Dunedin to me seems very lovely. The bay is bordered by hills, picturesque in form and some of them clothed with trees and bushes, pleasing to the view from their novelty—differing from anything of the kind seen elsewhere. From a high hill at the back of the city, looking towards the Bay, the view is beautiful.

While in Dunedin I met with a speaking acquaintance, whom I had not seen for several years. He had been a "loafer" in London, New York, New Orleans, and Melbourne; and after his experience in those four cities, any little art in the loafer's profession, unknown to Jack, was not worth the trouble of learning; but he acknowledged himself to be fairly beaten by Dunedin. "I was never in any place before," said he, "but what I could rise a drink when suffering for it; and the shirt I now have on I have worn for over two weeks." Jack declared that Dunedin was the most uncivilized place he was ever in, and that the people showed no respect to those in any branch of his profession. Jack told me that since he had been in Dunedin he had been reduced to take a situation as barman in a hotel. The second day after getting this place he left it, because the landlady wished to take his place at the bar while he "wiped the dinner dishes." Jack said that he told her to wait a minute, and he walked out of the house penniless, in search of another home.

Jack was a good billiard player, and had other "accomplishments" common to a man in his profession, but they availed him nothing in Dunedin. Like many others, he had made a mistake and come to Otago a few months too soon. Those who came from Victoria were too much engaged with such considerations as, how they were to be fed, and how they should get away, for Jack to make a living from them; and the old settlers of the place had a straightforward way with them, that could beat the scheming of any loafer.

LEEDESDALE GRANGE. A TALE OF COAL-FIELDS AND CORN-FIELDS.

CHAPTER V.—A DOLEFUL OCCASION.

It suddenly occurred to Mr. Rivers, as, after a long and dusty walk, he neared his vicarage, that the old women

exposed to Pepper's attacks were in much larger proportion than was usual to find abroad at that early hour. As he ruminated over the probable occasion of this outpouring, an aged wayfarer, very lame, and in her general aspect suggestive of rust, called out to him, "We're going yer road, maister."

"Are you?" he answered, good-humouredly; "we must try who will get first to the end of it. And where may you be going to?"

"Why, to yer house agen the church; I reckon you'll find a good two or three of us there to-day." And now another seedy stager hobbled up, and, laying a shrivelled, very hard and bony hand upon his wrist, mysteriously and impressively bespoke his attention. "Maister," she began, "I've been a widder going on fifteen year, and I've never had it yet; they say as you bin a new man, and won't have no parshalty; so I thowt I'd come myself and make sure on it."

"My good woman," said Mr. Rivers, "I haven't the least idea of what you are talking about."

"Why, it's the gift—the gift to we poor widders."

"The dole, maister," put in his first friend; "they say you mun au got it."

Ha! the dole to be sure. Mr. Rivers had not often a short memory, but he certainly had clean forgotten this said dole. Two days before, he had received the five pounds appropriated for such distribution in the parish of Ledesdale, and had intended gradually to look out for the most worthy objects. Now, here they were with a vengeance, looking out for him.

"It's an interesting question," thought Mr. Rivers to himself, "how the intelligence of that arrival has got abroad; and another, how I am to convert, at a moment's notice, my piece of paper into a hundred shillings."

"I reckon you couldn't let we av it now sir?" suggested a crafty "widder," who would fain have spared herself a longer journey.

"You are perfectly right, my friend," was the reply: "I certainly could not. Let us push on, old Pepper; there's work before us, my boy."

"Oh, sir, I'm glad you're come at last; such traffic as there's been all morning! My poor kitchen, I don't know when it will ever be fit to be seen again after this day's work!" And Martha's face, as she thus unburdened herself, was radiant with an expression peculiar to it, when scenting a demand for extra "cleaning up" in the distance.

"Let them wait a little," said her master, as he hung up his hat, and pushed open the door of his little study. Judge of his emotions, ye who have studies; ye who leave about your books and papers; who forget to lock your desks, and sometimes even leave your money where it certainly ought not to be; imagine, I say, the sensations of this excellent clergyman, when, entering that temple of literature, he beheld in it the lame, the blind, the withered, numbering from fifteen to twenty, and all making themselves apparently very much at home. What he said to Mrs. Maybury on the subject, or how she succeeded in appeasing his wrath, is not a matter for public investigation; but it is believed, on credible authority, that never again during her dynasty was such an offence perpetrated.

Had Mr. Rivers been a portrait painter, or could he have placed near him a "Wilkie," or a "Webster," truly subjects for the pencil had not been wanting. Not, indeed, that the "human face divine" then showed itself in most attractive aspects. Very hard had been the outlines, very dark the colouring, that truth had demanded from the faithful limner. Mr. Rivers felt at times a very choking sensation in his throat as he gazed

upon the dried-up, withered—one had almost said hideous—faces which successively presented themselves before him; some of them expressive of such piteous craving, or of a deprecatory dread of losing the poor sum of one shilling—the allotted portion to each. He had seen old age and poverty in many aspects, but never before with such a blight on them as now; and much he marvelled that a country, stricken as this was in its physical features, should seem so eminently to possess the power of communicating its *sere'd*—rather say *sear'd*—expression to those who dwelt within it. And as he looked upon those furrowed countenances, he remembered a text which speaks of saying “a word in season to them which are weary,” and he gratefully acknowledged that he could tell them of promises better than fine gold to those who believe them, and of One who, being rich, had for their sakes become poor.

But the look of intense antiquity had occasionally something ludicrous about it. One circumstance, which greatly amused him, was the exceeding *deafness* with which most became afflicted, if an answer on their part were likely to invalidate their claim to the bounty. The following is only a specimen of many similar instances.

“What did you say your name was?”

“A widder, sir, going on thirteen year—buried my poor old man.”

“Yes, yes; but what is your *name*?”

“Eh? I’m a little thick o’ hearing.”

“Your *name*,” shrieks out another impatient applicant. “Hur axes you what bin yer name.”

“Oh, my *name*?” in a querulous tone: “why, Nancy Barnes, to be sure.”

“And where do you live?” but to discover *that* was indeed no easy matter. An amount of bawling, sufficient to bring on a premature case of clergyman’s sore throat, might at last elicit the fact that she lived “agen Jane Smith’s;” but a great deal more would be required to make manifest that Jane Smith’s was “agen the ‘Pig and Whistle,’” which was situated at the top of “Biters’ Lane,” which was close to “Jericho,” which was *not in the parish*—the last words being enunciated by the clergyman in solemn accents to ears which suddenly became very ‘cute indeed, and which sent the discomfited suitor home a sadder, if not a wiser “widder” than she had come out.

“You go to chapel, I presume?” Mr. Rivers would observe to another forlorn looking matron who was putting in her claim to “the charity.” “Chapel, sir! No, bless you. I we’re brought up to the church sin I we’re *that high*,” measuring with her hand about a foot’s distance from the ground. “My mother and father they was church folk too.”

“Well, I was in hopes you did go to chapel,” said Mr. Rivers, whose anxiety was only lest the care of the soul were entirely neglected; “for I am quite sure I don’t ever see your face in church.”

“Bless you, sir, look at my poor foot; and I’m welly druv mad wi the pain when I stands long on it: how could I ever get to church?”

“Why, you’ve managed to get here this morning; and that is just the same distance!”

But it may be mentioned, once for all—this was a mode of reasoning *never* considered at all conclusive. To make a great exertion to gain a shilling, was natural enough; but to make a similar one in order to worship God in his own house, was quite a different affair. It is to be feared that the Ledesdale widows were not singular in their mode of arguing on this subject.

Mr. Rivers was about to rest from his dolorous labours,

and was internally remarking that four “widow Joneses” had that morning been relieved, when an unlooked-for petitioner presented himself, in the shape of an old man with a bald head and most pleasant expression of countenance. “Why, my friend,” said the clergyman, smiling, “surely you are not a widow!”

“No, sir,” replied the old man, also smiling, “it’s for my wife.”

“Well, but she can hardly be a widow.”

“Not a widow, sir; and please God never will be, for it ‘ud go hard with my poor old woman if I were took first; but she’s a poor helpless cripple, bed-ridden these five year. Mr. Ashley always gave her the charity, sir.”

“I should think she was a very good ease for it,” said Mr. Rivers; “and tell me, can you do any work yourself?”

“Not much to boast of now-a-days, sir,” was the reply, “though I’ve been a good workman in my time; I cobble a bit now and again, but I mostly employ myself to read by the old missis.”

“Ah, that’s very nice; and what do you read?”

“Well, sir, I’m just now about finishing the ‘Paradise Lost.’”

“The *what?*” said Mr. Rivers, his surprise getting the better of his grammar.

“The ‘Paradise Lost,’ sir, that glorious poem by John Milton.”

“Ah! and so you like poetry; have you read much?”

“I should think,” said the old man, with an expression of calm satisfaction, “as I have read nigh all the poetry as ever was poeted.”

“And is Milton a favourite?”

“A noble bard, sir; a glorious poet was John Milton.”

“But what does your old woman say to all this?”

“Well, sir, she mostly goes asleep; and that’s the only pleasure left her in this world.”

“I hope,” said Mr. Rivers, kindly—and laying his hand on a large Bible beside him—“I hope neither you nor your poor wife are ignorant of the poetry contained *here*? The old man put his hand to his head in token of reverence, and replied, “That’s the best book after all, sir. John Milton can’t come up to that.”

“I shall call and see your wife,” said the clergyman, as the old man went off with his “dole,” “and then you must read something to me:” an assurance which was received with high satisfaction. And at four o’clock Mr. Rivers sat down to the dinner which his faithful Martha had prepared for him at two. He had scarcely finished it when that handmaid announced a “gentleman in the drawing-room; and “by the looks of him,” was Mrs. Maybury’s comment, “he aint of these parts.”

KEW GARDENS.

II.

THE scientific era of Kew Gardens dates from a very modern period. For some years previous to 1838, the opinion had been gradually gaining ground that the once Royal Gardens should either be placed on a totally different footing from heretofore, or abolished altogether. Many advocated the first course, on the plea of economy. Fortunately, as will soon appear, they were outnumbered by still more, who desired to establish these beautiful gardens on a purely scientific basis, making them a depository for living specimens of curious vegetable growth. In 1838, the Lords of the Treasury appointed a committee to inquire into the management, condition, and utility of the Royal Botanic Gardens. A profes-

sional delegate was chosen by the committee—their election falling on Dr. Lindley—a botanist to whom England owes some of her best botanical treatises. The issue was, that, in 1840, Dr. Lindley made his report, founded not only upon his own experience, but upon that of two practical gardeners. In conformity with that report, the whole of the gardens, pleasure-grounds, and park, were transferred to the department of the Commissioners of Woods and Forests. To Mr. Aiton's fostering care the gardens owed their well-being, during much of the gloomy period intervening between the death of George III and the date to which we have arrived. He retired from the duties he had so well fulfilled, on the eve of the fiftieth anniversary of his holding office, the present Director, Sir William Hooker, taking his place; who, in the spring of 1841, was requested to prepare, as speedily as possible, a report of such alterations as he might deem essential to a carrying out the intention of rendering the gardens useful to the public at home, and to our colonies abroad. These alterations were in accordance with the following notions of Dr. Lindley. "A national garden," remarked he, "ought to be the centre round which all minor establishments of the same nature should be arranged: these should be all under the control of the chief of that garden, acting in concert with him, and through him with one another; reporting constantly their proceedings, explaining their wants, receiving their supplies, and aiding the mother country in everything that is useful in the vegetable kingdom; medicine, commerce, agriculture, horticulture, and many valuable branches of manufacture would derive much benefit from the adoption of such a system. From a garden of this kind, government would be able to obtain authentic information on points connected with the forming of new colonies: it would afford the plants there required, without its being necessary, as now, to apply to the officers of private establishments for advice and assistance."

In strict conformity with this advice the Kew Gardens are now conducted. Little by little, portions have been added from the adjoining pleasure-grounds, as the ever increasing necessities of rapidly accumulating plants required, until the Kew Botanical* Gardens now cover a space of no less than seventy-five acres of ground. One of the first results of the new management was the opening of the gardens daily to all respectable persons. Those who contend that English people cannot spend a few hours wandering amidst trees, without disfiguring them by bark-graved records of the existence of that inseparable British triumvirate Smith, Brown, and Robinson, must not go to Kew Gardens for evidence favouring their view of the case. The public, we are glad to be informed, on the authority of the Director, Sir W. Hooker, behave remarkably well. Very few instances, he tells us, of impropriety have occurred, and those of such trivial nature, that detection was in itself sufficient punishment.

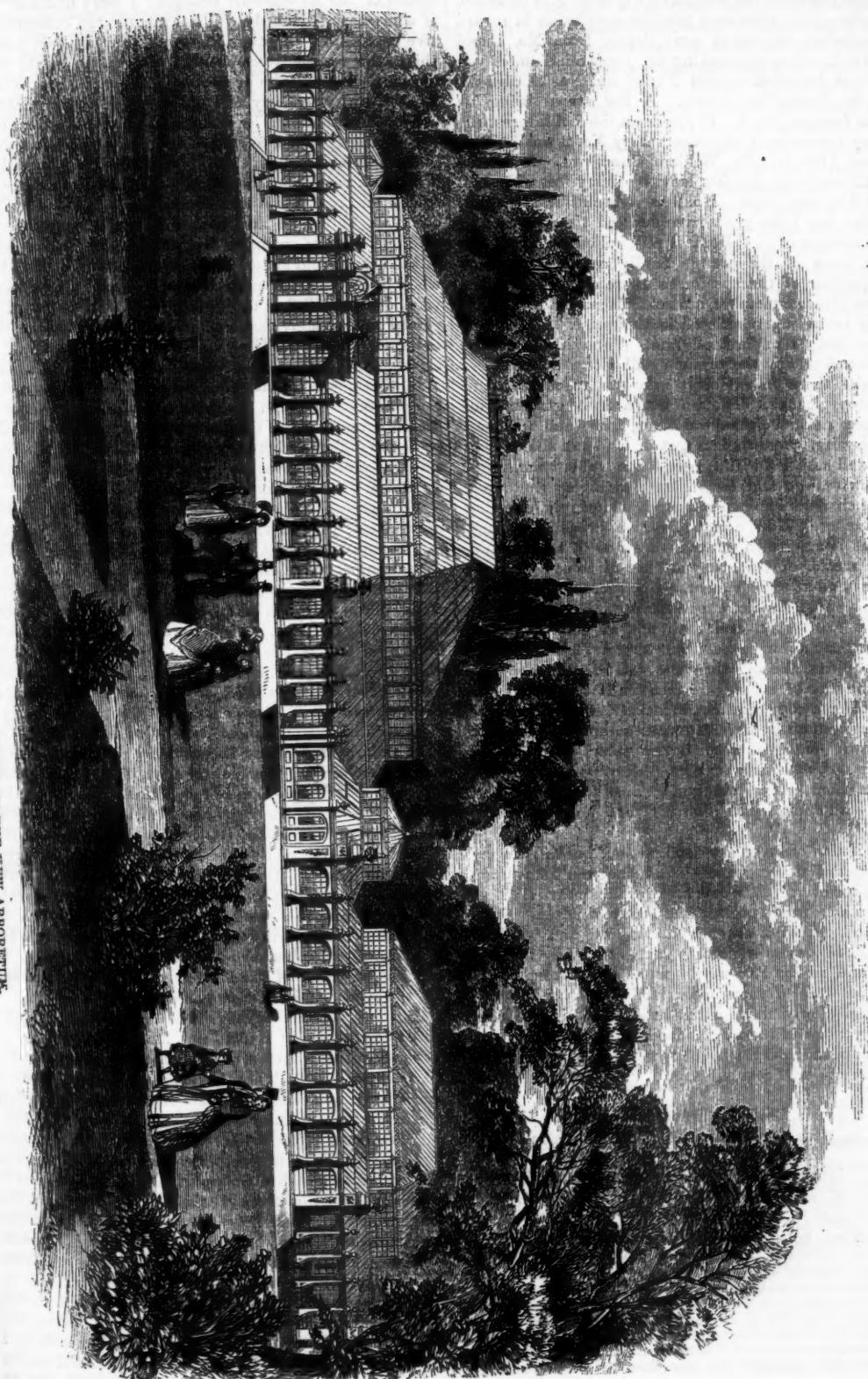
It is too much to assume that every visitor to the Kew Botanical Gardens goes there to learn botany; but they need not go there for mere amusement of the cockney kind. No drinking-booths stand under leafy trees;

* This is correct for the strictly so-called Botanical Garden; but it is now difficult to distinguish this from the adjacent "Pleasure-grounds or Arboretum," which is gradually assuming a more decided *botanic* character. In it are systematically arranged vast collections of trees and shrubs; and there is now being erected (and almost two-thirds completed) the largest conservatory that has ever been formed, now partially, and will be entirely, filled with trees and shrubs of temperate climates, to be called the "Winter Garden." This ground is now thrown open to the public for the summer half-year; but it cannot well be made available in the winter months till more shelter is provided, in case of bad weather. The Arboretum, or "Pleasure-ground," contains about 270 acres.

no gingerbread stalls. Curds and whey are not to be had. The soft green velvety sward is never disfigured by orange-peel. Eatables and drinkables are neither purchasable there, nor must they be conveyed there. "Sports"—as a suggestive black board makes known to the visitor—"are not permitted." So, wanderer to those shady groves, consider well the object of your wandering. If hungry or thirsty, satisfy those cravings before you enter. Hunger and thirst of knowledge are the only species of hunger and thirst permitted within the gardens of Kew. Nay, these are not permitted either; because you no sooner experience them, than means are at hand to satisfy them. Trees, plants, dried specimens, and civil attendants to explain the whole, soon satisfy one's cravings for botanical knowledge.

But now to commence our explorations. We follow the advice of a civil attendant, and bear away to the right. A pretty path wends riverwards, and, opening out, soon discloses the classic outline of conservatory No. 1. You will observe this conservatory is glass-roofed—not so No. 2, which will presently disclose itself, if you wander onwards a few steps and turn your eyes about. These conservatories are not designed for the growth of tropical plants. The word "conservatory" generally implies a somewhat architectural greenhouse for plants of *temperate* climates. Now I would have you, if on study bent, wander several times from No. 1 to No. 2, and from the latter back again. The climate of both these plant-houses being pretty similar, a somewhat frequent interchange of courtesies takes place between their inmates. Orange and lemon plants, whose proper home is No. 2, sometimes go visiting (with the gardener's consent) their foreign acquaintances at No. 1—mostly from Australia. Indeed, most of the inmates of No. 1 and 2 spend a good deal of their time out of doors in fine weather, for which reason it is sometimes difficult to find them by mere book references—one must be acquainted with them by sight—or else ask the gardener: for a gardener specially devoted to one particular house or section of plants, that is to say, for not labour merely, but intelligence, is found in Kew Botanical Gardens. Each man has his *spécialité*, so to speak. One man is the orange, and lemon, and Australian tree nurse; another sees to the ferns' well-being; a third makes the palms feel comfortable; a fourth attends to certain families of succulent plants, prominent amongst which we shall hereafter see those curious fellows the Cactaceæ and Euphorbiaceæ. In a botanical garden it happens, as in one's journey through the world, the less a man knows about any other man's business the more is he likely to know about his own.

No 1, it is proper to add, was removed hither from the gardens of Buckingham Palace, by order of his Majesty King William IV, 1836. It is now chiefly filled with Australian trees and shrubs; and although many plants, not Australian, may be therein found, nevertheless the Australian element predominates, and discloses a true botanical physiognomy. The trees and shrubs in question chiefly belong to the natural families, Myrtaceæ, Leguminosæ, and Proteaceæ; the latter family of plants is so named in consequence of the very varied character of the stems, leaves, and inflorescence, yet agreeing in the essential character of flowers and fruit. Australian vegetation has an aspect of sombre weirdness. The foliage is grotesque in shape, and dull in hue. The bark of some Australian trees scales curiously away, leaving white patches, where caricature like-nesses of your friends may be seen, if you only bring to bear a little imagination. A passing glance at the vegetation of Australian plants, growing in No. 1, will suffice to



THE NEW CONSERVATORY, OR WINTER GARDEN, IN THE KEW ARBORETUM.

justify the remark of those Australian travellers who complain that forests of the world's fifth quarter give no shade. But before you arrive at a positive conclusion in regard to Australian vegetation, pray depart from No. 1 and visit No. 2, not quite making up your mind until you shall have hereafter visited No. 4* and No. 10, also devoted to Australian plants. A few steps bring us right in front of No. 2. If you deem the fact interesting, you may remember that conservatory No. 2 was built in the year 1761, by Sir William Chambers. It is one hundred and forty-five feet long, by thirty feet wide, and twenty-five feet high. No. 2 is a beautiful structure, doubtless, but I fancy we have devoted time enough to the admiration of it. No. 2 is still called the orangery, though trees of the orange family constitute a very small portion of the specimens there deposited. Kew Gardens, please remember, are not fruit gardens. "Fruits are only looked upon as seed in this place," said a gardener to me. I understood him. Though the orange tribe do not occupy the orangery all alone, nevertheless they exist there in sufficient numbers to make themselves conspicuous. Though not a fruit garden, fruit trees may nevertheless bear their fruit, and welcome. Fruit-bearing, you see, is a sort of evidence that a fruit tree is well satisfied with its condition and surroundings. The Kew orange and lemon trees look very contented. Thick their fruit hangs clustering, temptingly, coveting to be plucked. Now, a sort of notion prevails in England that home-grown oranges are not fit to eat; and, for the matter of that, they are not fit to eat, if grown under common management. Good oranges may be and are reared in these greenhouses, but with great care and great cost, and then not so good as can be purchased for a few pence at our shops. The object is more to please the eye than the palate. Somehow or other, the wag of a gardener who tends the inmates of No. 2, told me somewhat confidentially, or rather caused me to understand by ingenious pantomimic motion, that Kew-grown oranges were better than they looked. Speaking out, at length says he, (referring to my depreciation of home-grown oranges,) "That's a good notion, after all—we don't try to alter it!" and how he winked his eye!

"But if the oranges are good to eat," quoth I, in my turn, "pray what becomes of them? they can't stay upon the trees for ever." The aurantiaceous man thrust either hand into a trowsers pocket, and bent towards me with a severe look. "What are you driving at, and who are you?" his two eyes seemed to say. Presently he gave tongue, and really his words were most perplexing. "What becomes of them oranges?" quoth he, after a pause; and slowly moving his head from side to side, "What becomes of them? Nobody knows!"

Well now, thought I, somebody will press the question a little closer. "Of course," says I, "the oranges fall off in time."

"That depends," said the provoking man, "on circumstances; suppose they should be pulled off before their time?"

"Well," interrupted I, rather piqued, "but if they should fall off, or if they should be pulled off, what would become of them? Nobody knows!"

I think we both began to laugh. I'm sure I did.

* There are occasional changes in the arrangement of the plants. Since the above was written, Sir William Hooker informs us that the plants of the houses Nos. 1 and 2 will, during the autumn of this year and henceforth, be found in the "Winter Garden" of the Pleasure-ground. No 10 has been called an Australian house, but those plants have mostly outgrown the building, and are about to be removed to the "Winter Garden." Thither, also, have been taken the plants from No. 8 house, recently pulled down.

Many times since then have I tried to find out what becomes of the Kew-grown oranges; I can't find out. It is a mystery. Nobody will tell me, though communicative enough on all other matters. For my own part, I think the orange trees would not grudge, could they speak, a stray orange or two, as a reward to people who treat them so tenderly as I witnessed in Kew Gardens. When I was there, the leaves of each individual orange tree were being sponged, to free them from the soot and dust which accumulate upon them. That cleansing operation, somewhat varied, brushes employed instead of sponge, is in constant requisition at Kew, for the purpose of wiping away not only dust and soot, but troublesome insects. The operation of sponging large strong leaves like those of the orange and lemon is not so very troublesome; but when by and by you pass into other and hotter conservatories, you will find the washing operation repeated on plants so delicately fashioned that their leaves are like hairs, for fineness. Thus, a day may be easily spent in cleansing a few plants not bigger than a window geranium. Whilst orange and lemon trees are yet before you, mark the difference between the aspect of the two. Observe the superior elegance of the orange tree, and further observe the difference between the leaves of each. The leaf-stalks of orange leaves are provided with winged lateral expansions, those of lemons being plain.

The agreeable odour of the orange and lemon depends upon an essential oil which pervades every part of an aurantiaceous tree, except the fruit pulp. If you place the leaf of an orange or a lemon tree between your eye and the sun, little half-transparent dots will be perceived. These dots are all oil depositaries and are one of the characteristics of the orange tribe, called by botanists *Aurantiaceae*. Leaves of the myrtle tribe also have those oil dots; whence you may remember that the families *Myrtaceae* and *Aurantiaceae* are possessed of near botanical affinities. You may not pluck Kew oranges; but were Kew oranges so many kings, you might do what cats may do. Observe then, whilst about it, how very closely an orange resembles a berry. You indeed know of no berry equally big; but that is no ground of objection. May there not exist berries bigger than you ever met with—ever dreamt about? Ay, indeed; and why, then, may there not be berries as big as oranges, just as the bamboo (a grass) is bigger than many trees? Don't come away from No. 2 without paying your respects to the camphor tree, *Laurus camphora* of Japan; remember, too, that our British so-called laurel is no laurel at all, but one of the cherry tribe. Do you not remember that it has fruit like cherries? It is by the structure of the fruit more than by the foliage that the relationship of plants is determined.

And now, you will be so good as to remember we have visited the orangery No. 2, not for the sake alone of seeing the oranges there present, but other plants as well; and, perhaps you will not have forgotten that we were especially bent on examining some Australian trees before quite making up our mind as to the vegetable aspect of Australia, and some adjacent places. Observe, then, the noble Moreton Bay Pine; suggestive of our native members of the pine tribe, though differing from all of them. But if you admire beautiful trees you will not depart from the orangery without noticing and admiring the beautiful pine of Norfolk Island, the *Araucaria excelsa*. The words Norfolk Island fall sadly upon the ear; they come laden with memories of incorrigible criminals—the transported of the transported; bad fellows sent away from Australia for their wickedness, having already been transported to Australia from here. Banish those sad memories, I beseech you. Norfolk Island—as travellers tell me—is one of earth's loveliest spots. And would not an

unlovely land look lovely, if graced by yonder beautiful tree, the Norfolk Island Pine, or Araucaria excelsa? I don't know what Mr. Ruskin may think about it; I should like to have his opinion. He, at any rate, is welcome to mine. I think that no tree so beautiful as the Araucaria excelsa exists on earth. I am sure no tree so beautiful can be found in Kew Gardens. There, look at it once more, and after viewing it deliberately tell me what you think. And the Araucaria excelsa possesses an interest of another sort. Though confined to one little spot, unlike most other trees, trees similar to the Norfolk Island Pine must have been plentiful enough once. Coal-pit coal frequently bears the impress of vegetable forms; amongst these we find none precisely identical with the forms now existing, but some of the impressed marks so nearly resemble branches of the Norfolk Island Pine, that, if seen in their proper colours, they might almost be mistaken for them. Curious pines being the subjects of notice, don't come away from the orangery until you shall have commenced a mind-picture of the vegetation of New Zealand. The specimens for completing that mind-picture are not present in the orangery, still they will help you. Notice, then, the Kauri pine, which will be here, or hereabouts. This tree forms excellent spars, and its growth is exclusively restricted to the northern part of the northern island of New Zealand. Mark too, here, in this conservatory, a beautiful member of the cypress tribe, also a native of New Zealand, the Dacrydium cresspinum. Not so beautiful as the Norfolk Island Pine, perhaps, it is still very graceful. Its foliage somewhat calls to mind the weeping willow or drooping bride, the pine characteristic being still prominent. Remember, before quitting this house, that New Zealand is perhaps more richly endowed with tree life than any other land. "New Zealand," says a modern author, "is the land of greenwood. Vegetation runs riot; sea sprayed crags, shore margins, plains, valleys, mountain steeps, are alike clothed with perpetual verdure; and the teeming growth and vigorous freshness of the wild shrubberies and forests have been the admiration of every visitor since the days of Cook." Whilst in England there are scarcely forty varieties of endogenous trees, in New Zealand there are upwards of a hundred, including shrubs over twenty feet high. Of these, half grow to a size considerable enough to entitle them to the rank of forest trees. No. 2 has no pretensions to be considered the representative of the New Zealand vegetation. Imagination must lend its aid. Stand thickly on the field of your mind-picture, those ferns of many sizes—some tree-like—and which, being split open, furnished the Maoris with a sort of meal; others, the roots of which being dug up, constituted the staple food of the islanders on common occasions, before Europeans came amongst them, introducing pigs and potatoes, corn, beef, sheep, and other civilizations. On occasions not common, births, marriage feasts, and such like, the Maoris, you know, ate baked meat for a relish; but as to the nature of that meat, the less said the better. Don't deem your New Zealand mind-picture complete, without an abundance of the Phormium tenax, or New Zealand flax, a liliaceous plant, not in No. 2, indeed, though you will meet with it by and by. Temporarily, you may supply its place by the sword-leaved irises of our gardens.

It strikes us as somewhat curious in regard to New Zealand vegetation, that whilst the "Britain of the South," as people call it, will yield, and grow in perfection, most of the trees, plants, and vegetables that can be grown by us, our Island Britain of the north cannot return the compliment. Comparatively few New Zealand plants will flourish here in the open air, and without

protection. Should you take the trouble to return to No. 1, look on the lawn close by it for a Chinese palm tree. That palm tree, though belonging to a tribe which dearly love warm weather, seems so well disposed to old England, so inclined to make himself at home, that for many successive seasons he has lived wholly out of doors. If our gardeners could only naturalize that fellow, it would be a triumph. What an aspect of orientalism would palm trees impart to an English garden! Only one species of palm is indigenous to Europe, the little Chamaerops humilis. It may be seen growing round about Nice, but cannot bear up against the cold and dampness of our northern winters. As for the date palm, which grows in the south of Europe, and bears fruit after a fashion, this species is not indigenous to Europe, but was brought from warmer climes by the Saracens of old.

FALSE HAIR.

It is impossible to state, with anything like accuracy, how ancient is the prejudice against baldness. Facts are not wanting which would carry any one who chose to investigate that subject back to times very far remote; but as our business in this paper is not with the loss of hair, but with the manifold provisions which are made to remedy that loss, we will proceed with our own inquiry, and hand over the other to the curious antiquarian.

Who made the first wig? When did man first conceive the idea of pilous sophistication, and make up his mind to supply the deficiencies of his own locks by those of others? Even that question carries us back far enough; for is there not in the British Museum an undeniable wig of human hair, which was unpacked with a mummy, and, for aught we know, belonged to the very man

"Who dropped a halfpenny in Homer's hat,
Or doffed his own to let Queen Dido pass;
Or held, at Solomon's own invitation,
A torch at the great Temple's dedication?"

Who knows? and who knows, too, whether those majestic Ninevites, their square-platted beards and voluminously twisted back hair, covering their shoulders like a tippet, did not, half of them, borrow their majesty from their slaves or conquered captives, and receive it manufactured at the hands of the barber—if barbers there were in the Assyrian capital?

The Greeks have left us no indication of the use of false hair among them; they dressed their hair, both males and females, with remarkable grace and artistic propriety, but do not seem to have deemed the loss of it any great evil, or to have attempted to conceal it: this much at least we may gather from the medallions and statues of their great men and ideal heroes. One might say as much for the Romans, with a drawback as to the grace and propriety of their coiffure, up to a certain date. The first Romans wore their hair short—so short, indeed, as to suggest unpleasant ideas, in a modern mind, connected with the treadmill; and in youth they wore their beards long, not shaving at all until they were twenty-one, when the beard was cut off in solemn assembly, and consecrated to some favourite god, the standing crop of hair on the head being cut off at the same time, and dedicated usually to Apollo. But, about the year 450 from the building of Rome, a great man brought over some barbers from Sicily, and first introduced the custom of shaving. The Romans took kindly to the barbers, and continued to shave up to the time of Hadrian, who, happening to have an ugly blotchy chin, let his beard grow to hide it. Of course the emperor's example

was followed, and beards once more had a run ; but when Hadrian died the shaving was resumed.

We might, perhaps, be justified in assuming that when the barbers had settled themselves in Rome, the *crines ficti*—the false hair—would speedily have followed; but in fact we find no mention of anything of the kind for nearly two hundred years later; and the reason of this doubtless is, that the barbers of that era were what their name imported them to be—men who dealt with the *barba*, the beard, and with that exclusively. We first hear of wigs, or wiglets, in the time of the emperors, the name of the article being *capillamentum*, or *galericulum*; and allusions to them, by no means indirect, are not wanting in the Satires of Juvenal and Martial, and we are led by the verses of the latter poet to conclude that in their manufacture the false hair was in some way affixed to a skin.*

The practice of wearing false hair having once obtained among a civilized people, it was not likely ever to fall into abeyance—it added too much to personal comfort, and afforded too much satisfaction to personal vanity, ever to be laid aside; and we may fairly assume that at the disruption of the empire, when the materials of progress were scattered far and wide among the nations, the art of manufacturing false hair was one of the benefits to society thus generally disseminated.

Let us now briefly glance at the commerce and manufacture in false hair, as it is carried on at the present day. If we shall have to tread upon tender ground, we shall go over it gingerly, like the blinded professor walking among eggs; and no one need fear from us an unkindly rap on the knuckles. One startling fact confronts us at the threshold of this survey: there is brought to the Parisian market every year two hundred thousand pounds weight of human hair, or something less than one hundred tons. Where does it all come from? and what becomes of it all? These are very comprehensive questions, and no one will expect us to answer them categorically; but we shall state a few facts which will enable the reader to see his way towards their solution. And first, as to where the hair comes from.

Connected with the hair-merchants of Paris, there is a race of men who reap what has been appropriately termed the "hair-harvest." These men, who have each a specified district, throughout which they are well known, start on their rounds early in the summer, and pursue their avocation during the summer months, when the natural covering of the head may be removed without serious danger to the owners. They set forth provided with cash to pay for the hair they buy, and also with a good assortment of trinkets and cheap jewellery of all kinds, especially of the kind which bears a large profit—the hair being parted with as willingly in exchange for such ornaments, as it is for cash. Their arrival at the several "polling-places" on their circuit, always taking place at the same time in the year, they have no need to advertise their coming: in fact, they have no sooner taken up their quarters, than their flocks gather around them, willing and eager to be shorn, and all they have to do is to reap their harvest, and conclude their bargains as speedily as possible. The subjects upon which they operate are the young girls and women of the villages and rural districts, who may be said to grow their hair, year after year, with a view to the market, and who see nothing extraordinary—much less humiliating—in turning an honest penny by the sale of it.

They do not, however, submit to actual denudation of the head, but reserve a small portion of the front, which, by a clever arrangement, is afterwards so disposed as in a great measure to conceal the ravages of the shears. The business is managed with summary rapidity—the severance being accomplished in a minute or two. As soon as the hair is cut off, it is tied up in a wisp and weighed, and paid for, the price per pound having been agreed upon beforehand. Few heads of hair weigh more than a pound, while, if one weighed so little as half a pound, it would not be thought worth the shearing, unless it happened to be of very superior quality. The price varies much, and is determined by the beauty of the colour, and by the length, the longest, of course, being the most valuable: the price paid by the collectors is, however, very low, and ranges from one shilling a pound, or even less, to five shillings a pound. The value of human hair is governed greatly by fashion. Less than a century ago, light hair was much in vogue, and then the energies of the collectors were directed towards Holland, Jutland, and the Northern Principalities of Germany; at the present time the fashionable preference is for dark-brown and black hair, the most fertile field for which is found in Brittany, and other provinces in the South of France. In the districts where the finest hair is found, it is fortunate for the possessors of it that the regular collectors have not the market in their own hands; on the contrary, they have to meet a pretty strong competition on the part of travelling pedlars and independent dealers, who will outbid them if they can. Thus, at a Breton fair, it is no uncommon sight to see a string of girls—their long hair streaming down to the waist—wandering from one cropping-booth to another, in order to procure an additional sou or two in the pound upon their waving crops.

It is not to be supposed that the whole of the hundred tons-weight of human hair, which passes annually through the hands of the Parisian hair-merchants is the spoil of the French collectors, much less that it is all the growth of French soil. Paris, being the centre of fashion, is naturally the dépôt of such a fashionable material, and it imports from other countries a considerable portion of the hair which it prepares and manufactures for markets both in the Old World and in the New. Much is collected in Germany, in the same manner as it is in France, and which finds its way to the Paris market. Beautiful hair is collected in Spain, and in the North of Italy; and other countries, doubtless, furnish their quota.

There is one unpleasant feature connected with the hair-collecting business, which must not be passed over, and that is the doings of the hair-thieves. Again and again has it happened that a poor girl, after traversing many a weary mile to sell her head of hair, has been waylaid on her route by ruffians, and shorn of her crop amidst their brutal jibes. Some forty years ago this vile outrage was so common in Brittany, owing to the supineness of the magistrates, who seem to have regarded it as a practical joke, that it bade fair to extinguish the trade, and stop the supply of hair: it was put down summarily, however, by some rather Draconian punishments, and for a time was no longer heard of. Some newspaper reports show that this species of robbery has again revived; and a case is given in a journal that lies before us, of a German amateur in this line, who has actually shorn the heads of ladies of fashion, and made a booty of the spoil.

The quantity of unmanufactured hair imported by the London hair-merchants annually, bears a very small proportion to that which goes to Paris, being, in fact, little more than one-twentieth of the amount, or from five

* *Galericulum.*

"*No lutet immundum nitidos ceroma capillos,
Hac poteris madidas condere pelle comas.*"

MARTIAL, xiv. 50.

to six tons.* Still, no definite conclusion with regard to the comparative consumption of the two cities can be arrived at from a comparison of their imports; because, in the first place, large quantities of French manufactured hair is sold in London, which is not taken into the account; and, in the next place, English hair is not exported, all that is collected being used for home consumption; and we have an idea that that amounts to a considerable quantity. It is true that we have no British hair-harvest, and do not send men into the provinces to reap the heads of the rustic damsels: but we have hair-collectors, who gather up, dress, and prepare for the market, the spolia of the hairdressers' shops and saloons; and we have dealers who will buy the hair from the head when it is offered them, and more than once it has been the writer's lot to witness the consumption of a bargain of this kind, to which a poverty-stricken woman has been driven as a last resource. We say nothing of the product of the prisons—it not being an agreeable idea that the hair of derelict damsels, reduced to picking oakum, should figure on the head of "my lady," in an aristocratic circle.

Thus much may suffice—though a great deal more might be said—as to the sources from whence the false hair is derived. Turn we now to the other question: what becomes of it all? And here we arrive upon the tender and delicate ground; and, what is more, we find ourselves landed in a region of doubt and uncertainty, where no statistics are obtainable, and, instead of facts, vague general ideas present themselves. That the fair sex, however, are the chief monopolizers of manufactured hair, seems admitted on all hands. Exclusive of the entire heads of hair, (we don't like to call them wigs,) appropriated by the ladies—and of the number of these we defy any man, or woman either, to form even an approximate calculation—there are the fronts, the bags, the ringlets, the coronets, the rolls, the plats, the plicatures, the scalps, the crowns, the partings, and other unexplorable mysteries of the hairdresser's inner shrine, each of them being but a fractional part of the entire coiffure, and applicable to the supply of some natural deficiency, the effect of years, or perhaps of illness. An authority, who ought to know something of this subject, conjectures that the number of these fragmentary manufactures disposed of in these islands annually, must border on a million; and when we consider that an ounce or so of hair may suffice for the composition of each one, and that our imports and home produce together may be fairly presumed as far exceeding a million ounces, his conjecture may not be far wrong.

It is fortunate for the ladies of our time that the dominion of fashion is not nearly so despotic and exacting as it was in the days of their great-grandmothers. A stroll in a portrait gallery is all that is needed to apprise us of the terrible inflictions which the female votaries of pleasure had to undergo in the earlier part of the reign of the third George. The female head was then actually piled up to more than double its natural height, by artificial frameworks, over which the hair, brought to a cloudy hue by a mixture of powder and grease, was strained tight, and surrounded by ribbons, jewels, or artificial flowers. This hideous fashion, of which the unfortunate Marie Antoinette got the credit, entailed hours of suffering under the hands of the *friseur*, who often failed, after all, in producing the wished-for effect. Some of Gainsborough's portraits perpetuate this frightful fantasy of fashion; and it is worth a passing

mention, that, while Gainsborough was winning slowly his fame at Bath, there was in the same city a *friseur* of transcendent talent, who was far more honoured and better paid than the painter; so highly was he prized, that the leaders of *ton* would employ no one else, and the consequence was, that they often had to submit to his operations whole days before they were to exhibit at some brilliant *fête*, and to sleep at night in an upright posture, for fear of damaging or destroying his work by lying down.

A word now on the false hair of the other sex. Time was, and it was not many generations back either, when a wig was an indication of gentility, or, at any rate, of workly substance. From the time of the Restoration, up to the Georgian era, it was the custom of men, who had excellent hair of their own, to have it shorn off, and wear a wig in its place. The practice had its advantages, certainly, inasmuch as a busy man might send his head to be dressed in the next street, while he attended to affairs at home; but, on the whole, the disadvantages preponderated, and the practice of wilful wig-wearing vanished towards the close of the last century. As for necessitous wig-wearing among gentlemen, that is another matter, and we believe the practice is as much followed at the present time as ever it was, though it is by no means so obvious and patent to sight, as it was in the days of our boyhood—a fact extremely welcome to the wig-wearer, and which is due to improved means of manufacture. In days gone by, wherever you entered a barber's shop which was void of customers, you were pretty sure to find him occupied on some stage or other of the manufacture of a wig. He was dressing and arranging the hair for the feeding wires; or he was placing them, five or six at a time, between the coils of a twisted triple thread; or he was sewing the threaded hair, with painstaking care, on to the caul fitted to the wig-block; or he was finally trimming and curling his elaborate performance, in preparation for the shop-window. You don't catch the barber at that fun now; you may find him curling a ringleted front, plaiting his coronets, or the swelling strands of the plats, "small by degrees and beautifully less;" or tenderly smoothing the rolls over the puffy frisette, but not weaving a wig: at least, we have not stumbled on one thus engaged for many years past. No; the modern wig is a triumph not so much of manual skill as of machinery; the threaded hairs are no longer sewn upon a caul, but each individual hair is rooted in a granulated flesh-coloured fabric of silk, so closely resembling the natural skin of the head as to defy the closest scrutiny of the unprofessional eye. How this is accomplished we do not pretend to say: all that we know is, that the result is so perfect that the bewigged gentleman need be under no apprehension lest the world at large should penetrate his secret.

In closing this desultory survey, we may revert, just one moment, to the commerce in human hair. We have shown above that the prices paid to the growers of this indispensable merchandise varies from one shilling to five shillings per pound: we confess to feeling rather startled on finding that the prices of the London hair-merchants vary from one shilling and fourpence up to ten shillings per ounce—the curled hair bearing a value of fifteen to twenty per cent. higher. These are the rates at which the article is sold to the trade. What a tremendous hiatus there is between five shillings a pound and ten shillings an ounce! The profit upon outlay is exactly three thousand two hundred per cent., minus the cost of transacting business! What a delectable margin is here for the dealers to disport in. Poor

* In the International Exhibition may be seen a curious collection of specimens of hair. The longest lock, above six feet in length, is of English growth.

Nannette, when she brings her yard-long crop of shining raven hair, and submits it to the shears of the travelling collector—she little dreams what a bouncing contribution she is making towards the dashing equipage of Monsieur the Parisian hair-merchant.

DR. WOLFF'S TRAVELS AND ADVENTURES.

One of the most remarkable men, and most adventurous travellers of our time, has lately passed away. No romancer would have dared to invent a career so extraordinary as the true history of Joseph Wolff. Not very long before his death he produced an Autobiography,* from which we gather the outline of his strange history. He had already given portions of the account of his travels, especially of his journey to Bokhara; but his is a story that will bear repetition, and the volumes which he dictated in his last years form the best record of his eventful life.

There is a quaint peculiarity, not without its advantages, in his adopting the third person in his narrative, and speaking of himself as Wolff; thus he avoids the tautology of the "I" and "me;" and while sometimes this form adds much to the *naïveté* of the relation, it always puts the egotism into the back-ground. This is seen in such a passage as follows:—"And Wolff must confess that he is the most unfit of travellers, because he is shortsighted; and also he is not able to ride upon a good horse, nor even upon a donkey; he cannot swim at all; he cannot cook his own victuals, nor sit as the natives do, with crossed-legs, like tailors." The reader will excuse the confusion and shifting of tenses in the following narrative, which partakes of the irregularity of the autobiographer.

Dr. Wolff was born in the year 1795. His father was a rabbi among the Jews, and he gave to his son a name which the grandfather had borne. This, we are told, is the custom among the Jews, that they receive at circumcision a single name. At a very early period he heard a curious tradition to the effect that Titus, having been raised from the dead by Onkelos, declared that he should ill-treat and afflict the Jews; whereas, when the same person raised Jesus of Nazareth, and asked him how the Jews should be treated, he replied, "Treat them well." This made a deep impression upon Wolff, and he began to make inquiries, and to wish to learn more; at the same time desiring to grow up a great preacher. Having been directed to the 53rd chapter of Isaiah, he says he "believed and was struck dumb." At seven years old, he was ready to act upon his faith, but it was not until four years afterwards that he left his father's house, and went among the Roman Catholics. He gradually worked his way by teaching Hebrew, and at the same time acquiring languages, through Frankfort, Halle, Prague, and Vienna. At Saxe-Weimar, he sees and speaks with Goethe, and was at length baptized at Prague, in 1812, when he was seventeen years of age. Reaching Vienna again, he studied the Arabic, Persian, Chaldean, and Syriac languages, being at the same time declared competent to give private lectures in the Chaldean, Hebrew, Latin, and German languages. Here he becomes acquainted with Schlegel. At Tübingen, in 1815, he enters the Protestant University, and disputes in favour of the Roman Catholic religion; and on leaving for home, he passed by the dwelling-place of the Madame de Krudener who was said to have been the authoress of the Holy Alliance, which bound the great Powers of Europe against

the first Napoleon. He travels on until in May, 1816, he is 300 miles from Rome, with half a louis d'or in his pocket. He however meets with a stranger who was interested in him, and who, it seems, paid for his carriage to the city.

At Rome itself he was not sufficiently Roman Catholic, but had brought with him a modified view, which he had picked up chiefly from Count Stolberg. This drew the distinction between those dogmas which were to be believed at all hazards, and those "pious opinions" which might be held or not, but which, at Rome, were advanced to the position of dogmas; so that, though Wolff was admitted into the Propaganda, his heretical opinions continually came out. On one occasion the late Henry Drummond heard part of a controversy, and he invited Wolff to return with him to England. In Rome he became acquainted with Niebuhr and Bunsen. In April, 1818, he was dismissed and sent away to Vienna.

In a religious house there he gave lessons in German and Latin, until he received his dismissal, and justly; for, as he says, he "had lost all respect for the whole order of redemptorists, and transgressed every rule, and turned the whole into a jest." At Lausanne he falls in with a Miss Greaves, who at once prepares for his transmission to London and to Mr. Drummond. In London he was taken up by the Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews, and by it was sent to Cambridge, that he might study theology under Simeon, and language under Professor Lee.

At Cambridge he says he learned everything he undertook excepting how to shave himself, in which even Mr. Simeon could not make him succeed. At one time he is indebted to Mr. Irving for a shave, and at another, he pays an old woman 2s. 6d. for the operation; while, upon another, a Bedouin shaves him most agreeably, though without soap or water.

In 1821, Wolff entered upon his work as a missionary to the Jews, and he began that course of preaching and argument which he pursued wherever he could find trace of the children of Abraham.

At Malta, he first preached in English; and thence through Egypt, Wolff proceeded to Sinai, taking Hebrew Bibles and Testaments with him, on the possibility of a Jew coming there some day: and fifteen years after, he found that the books left at the monastery upon Mount Sinai had been of essential service. In the desert he is taken prisoner by the Bedouins, and has occasion to remark upon the way in which tradition preserves the memory of the slightest events. This leads him to believe in the authenticity of the places pointed out in the East, and to reject the criticisms of Robinson and Stanley. Onwards he goes, proclaiming the Lord Jesus Christ, by Gaza, Jaffa, Acre; at Lebanon, it was "refreshing to hear all over the mountain, the sound of the bell, and the Kyrie Eleison, Christe Eleison, resounding from the Christian churches;" and he reaches Jerusalem "in the evening of the 8th of March, 1822."

Wolff was encamped a short distance from Aleppo, when it was overthrown by an earthquake, which had been remarkably predicted by Lusteneau, a French general, who was considered by Lady Hester Stanhope as "the Prophet," and who gave some curious proofs of the possession of a faculty akin to second-sight. At Damascus he argues with "Muhammedans," an orthography adopted by Dr. Wolff from the Arabic, instead of the French-ized word Mahometan. In his journeys, he enters "the town of Father Abraham," and, through the name of the place in Mesopotamia called Orpha, where Abraham is called Orphae, he considers that Abraham is the Orpheus of the Greek poets, and seems

* Travels and Adventures of the Rev. Joseph Wolff, D.D., M.A., 2 vols.

to connect the tradition of the holy songs of the Father of the Faithful with the music of the Greek story writers. Among the Kurds traversing these regions, he is taken prisoner, and receives two hundred lashes on the soles of his feet, but is rescued. Wolff learns that at the ruins of Babylon the Yezedi, the worshippers of the devil, perform a dance in honour of the devil, once a year, in the night-time, and he considers that this gives a literal fulfilment to Isaiah xiii. 21, as the word translated satyr, may be represented by *dæmon*.

After this, Wolff proceeds to Persia in search of those to whom especially his mission belonged, and falls into discussion with the various religiousists on his route; and at Sheeraz he finds them in a street only a few yards in width, all the houses like pigstyes, and men, women, and children, ill, naked, or in rags, in the most abject poverty and misery. The court of Sheeraz is such that he cannot give any description of such a cursed court : "Fire from heaven must come down upon a court like that."

Returning, Wolff preaches in Armenia and the Caucasus, in the Crimea, Constantinople, and Smyrna, where he embarks for Dublin, and arrives safely in May, 1826.

In London, he goes to the house of Irving, and at the first interview he was "struck with him as a very remarkable man." Although he never adopted his new doctrine of the unknown tongues, he never liked to speak against it; and of the cure of Miss Fancourt, which, at the time, was much associated with the "tongues," Wolff has told us that "the miracle wrought upon her is not to be derided." About this time he marries one who henceforth becomes his companion in his journeyings and toils—the Lady Georgiana Walpole.

In 1828-29, Wolff was again in Jerusalem, and narrowly escaped death by poisoning. He was again among robbers in the Greek Archipelago, and from Malta he determined to proceed to Bokhara, in opposition to the wish of the London Society for promoting Christianity among the Jews, whose conduct he cannot but justify in regarding him, as he reviews the proceeding.

Dr. Wolff corrects a notion entertained concerning the dervishes; and he tells us they are not "useless beggars," as missionaries and other travellers represent them. On the contrary, "All the great men of the East who have been celebrated either as poets or historians, or lawyers, have been dervishes." They are the chief people in the East who keep in the recollection of those savages that there are ties between heaven and earth. They restrain the tyrant in his oppression of his subjects, and are, in fact, the great benefactors of the human race in the East. All the prophets of old were dervishes, beyond all doubt—in their actions, in their style of speaking, and in their dress." And Wolff himself is spoken of as a dervish, and ranks with these men.

Once again he is prisoner, stripped naked and tied with a long rope to a horse's tail, and whipped in this state by the robbers: he again narrowly escapes death. He is able to prevail on them to send him to the neighbouring town, and hence he is released, though penniless, and from prison, where starvation seemed before him, by the arrival of one of the chief khans under the King of Persia. This man says: "I have got one good quality: I love strict justice; and therefore tell me the truth, and you shall see my justice. How much money have these rascals taken from you?" Wolff said, "They have taken from me eighty tomauns." He repeated, "Eighty tomauns?" Wolff replied, "Yes." He then said, "Now thou shalt see my justice." So he instantly ordered the robbers to be dreadfully flogged. He extorted from them

every farthing; and after he had got back Wolff's money, he counted it, and said, "Now thou shalt see my justice," and putting the money into his own pocket, without giving Wolff a single penny, he added, "Now you may go in peace."

The account of his dwelling in Meshed, the capital of Khorasan, is very interesting. Here, as on some previous occasions, he is delivered from danger and from difficulty by British officers; and he says that, when in the greatest distress he prayed for deliverance, it came in the presence of a British officer. During this period his wife was at Malta.

In the first volume of Dr. Wolff's Travels and Adventures, he brings us down to the period of his first arrival at Bokhara. His object at this time was to "proclaim the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ to the Jews at Bokhara, and all over Afghanistan and Hindostan;" as also to find traces of the ten tribes of Israel, and to make himself acquainted with the history of the Jews of Bokhara, Samarcand, and Balkh; with their expectations in respect to their future destiny; with their learning also, and traditions, as well as with the history of Genghis Khan and Timoor. Likewise he wished to inquire about the descendants of the army of Alexander the Great, who were reported to be wandering about upon the heights of the Himalayas, and were called by the Muhammedans the infidels in black clothing.

Wolff especially remarks upon the uniformity of ceremonies, of thought, of legends, and of actions in the processes of prayer among the Jews all over the world. Bokhara itself is a town of a little short of 200,000 inhabitants. It is surrounded by deserts, and watered by the little river Wafkan; but it forms a most fertile oasis in the midst of the desert. It has all the fruits of Europe and Asia in perfection; it has eleven gates and a circumference of fifteen English miles, 360 mosques, and twenty-two caravansera. Here Wolff spent three months in conversing with Jews, Afghans, and other Muhammedans; and he learned many interesting particulars concerning the dispersed of Israel.

With regard to the ten tribes, Wolff says that "there cannot be the slightest doubt that the Jews in Khorassan, Bokhara, Samarcand, and Balkh, and also in Shahr-Salz, as well as the descendants of Tchsingis Khan, and the Nogay Tartars, and those called the tribe of Naphtali, are all remnants of the ten tribes." At Poonah, "the Bence Israel are totally distinct from the rest of the Jews in Europe and Hindostan. After the destruction of Jerusalem, their ancestors went first to Arabia, and then to Hindostan, where they have since forgotten their law; but they continue to repeat, in Hebrew, certain prayers which they have learned from the other Jews." At Sanaa, the Jews burnt the genealogies of their tribes eighty years ago, upon a dispute arising, in the faith that, when Messiah comes, "every one would know of what tribe he is." He does not believe that the Indians of North America are at all connected with Israel, as has been supposed by some; and "he believes that the Chaldean Christians of Khoramtarsh are descendants of the children of Israel: and it appears to Wolff that the Jews in Bokhara were originally a colony of those children of Israel in Chaldea." The inhabitants of Khiva he considers to be the descendants of the Hivites driven out by Joshua, and the gipsies to be the "dispersed children of Elam."

Upon leaving Bokhara in April, 1832, he was warned that the Governor of Moaur, through which place he must pass, has sworn to kill every European who shall pass through his territory; he is therefore advised to use the formula of the Muhammedans, or to profess him-

self a follower of the Prophet. He declares he will not do so, and in an interview with the terrible man, he answers with perfect straightforwardness, but completely mystifies him. He quoted from the "Holy Book, the history of the world," Gen. x. 3. One of the sons of Gomer was Ashkenaz; and, saying that he was born there, does not explain that this is the Hebrew for Germany; so that the governor rejoiced that he had "met a man from a country, the name of which he had never heard before."

In Dooub, Wolff had to purchase his life with all that he had, and escape death by giving up everything. He then proceeded for a journey of six hundred miles, till he entered the Punjaub. He was relieved at Cabool by an English officer, and passes on his journey through Peshawur, (where he kicks from his room the man who, twelve years after, is ready to revenge himself by the death of Wolff, when he is in authority in Bokhara, and Wolff is under his power,) Lahore, Loodiana, to Simlah. Here he finds some of his wife's relations, and is cordially welcomed by the Governor-General of India, Lord William Bentinck.

While in this society, he receives permission to travel in Cashmere, and ample provision is made for him throughout his journey. As he is not in the service of the East India Company, he is allowed to keep all presents made to him, and by this means he is able to repay money advanced to him for his journeys and undertakings. In Cashmere he "spent his time both usefully and pleasantly, conversing both with Muhammedans and Budhists," and with all classes of men, from the princes to the shawl-wearer.

During this time Wolff was not in orders, so that, while we sometimes find him preaching in the church by sufferance, he generally confined his ministry to lecturing upon his travels, and upon that which specially filled his heart—the "personal reign of Jesus Christ." And it was at this period that he became acquainted with Conolly, whom he afterwards sought for in his second journey to Bokhara.

Reaching Calcutta, Wolff is received by the late Bishop, Daniel Wilson, and there he lectures, and during one week he preached "in an unconsecrated building, every day, for six successive days, twelve hours each day."

In travelling towards Madras, he is seized with cholera, and is only restored by resorting to a native remedy of being branded in the stomach with a red-hot iron. Passing through Abyssinia, he again reaches Malta, after a separation of upwards of three years from his wife and child. He remains there long enough to complete the account of his travels, and sets out again for England.

In January, 1836, he returns to Malta, and passes on to Alexandria and the Desert. Here, at Mount Sinai, he finds a wonderful instance of the effect of the circulation of the Word of God. In 1821, Wolff had left some Hebrew Bibles and Testaments; now he finds a book written by a Jew, and giving an account of his conversion, which was owing to his study of one of these Testaments. In Abyssinia, he finds Christians, who in some of their observances resemble the Jews; their church being like an eastern synagogue, and their purification being Jewish. They are more fond of the Psalms of David than of the New Testament. At Axum, their holy city, the church is a copy of the Temple of Solomon, and three lofty pillars there are said to have been erected by Shem, Ham, and Japhet. On his journey he spent six days with the Rechabites, who still observe the customs of their father, Jonadab, and among them he found some of the Israelites of the tribe of Dan. As, upon reaching Bombay, he

is told that it will be highly imprudent to proceed further in India, he takes ship for the United States, and there he is ordained deacon by Dr. Doane, the Bishop of New Jersey.

After his return to England, in 1838, he is ordained priest by the Bishop of Dromore, during a visit to Ireland, and then accepts an incumbency in the county of York. Wolff now hears of the uncertainty of the fate of Captain Conolly and Colonel Stoddart, who have been imprisoned at Bokhara, and he determines to set off again and obtain their release, if possible. Government gave him whatever letters he desired, but did not undertake the responsibility of sending him out, and in 1843 he arrives at Constantinople upon this errand. On the 1st of December, he sets out for Erzeroum, and after the 10th he spends some happy days there with English, Russian, and Austrian friends. On the 3rd of February, 1844, he arrives at Teheran, and stays at the British Embassy, and there learns that there is no doubt as to the deaths of Stoddart and Conolly; but he determines to go on, that the attempt may not be set down as the work of a braggart. He perseveres, and arrives at Bokhara a second time in the month of April. "Here," he says, "twenty thousand people shouted welcome to him." He found himself in a real Tartar capital. The Tshagatay, the Hazarah, the Calmuck, the Osbeck, with their stumpy noses, little eyes, widely set apart from each other, together with Hindoos and Jews, are among the crowd. Wolff enters the palace in his clergyman's gown, doctor's hood, and shovel hat, and makes so many bows that the prince himself bursts into a fit of laughter, and cries, "Enough."

Stoddart had entirely refused to conform to the ceremonies of the court; but as they only consisted in making three bows, stroking the beard, and wishing peace to the king, as the Asylum of the World, (a very empty title,) one thinks that Wolff was wise, who declared himself ready to bow thirty times if necessary. In 1835, the man whom he had kicked from his room at Peshawur, had come to Bokhara, and ingratiated himself with the king; and soon after his arrival there, Wolff finds himself in imminent danger, from the revenge of that man, and is watched by the Osbecks incessantly. Permission is given to him to hold communication with the Jews, but only in Persian, which the spies can understand; and this is most unsatisfactory, until they hit upon the plan of reading their Scripture in Hebrew, and then, in the same tone of voice and manner, introducing words upon any subject they desire. In July, 1844, he receives permission to depart; and now from thousands of voices he is hailed as one "alive from the dead." Still, he is in danger of assassination, and he does not feel in any degree safe until he arrives upon Persian ground. At Teheran he is again welcomed by the British Envoy, Colenel Sheil; and in Erzeroum again, by the now Sir William Williams, of Kars.

As a result of his Travels, Wolff has obtained, and given to the world, a more clear insight into the state of the Jews, from Constantinople to the utmost bounds of Turkey, Persia, Khorassan and Tartary, than had before been given. He has also given a full insight into the state of Muhammedanism, as far as the utmost boundaries of Turkey, Persia, and even to Chinese Tartary. Wolff was the first to give an insight also into the state of the Christian churches from Alexandria to Anatolia, Armenia, and Persia.

During the last years of his life, Dr. Wolff lived chiefly at the vicarage of Isle Brewers, in Somersetshire, where he died on the 2nd May, of this year, at the age of sixty-seven.